

Your Honor,

My name is [REDACTED] I am a Wife, a Mother, and a Grandmother and on [REDACTED] I became the victim of a violent crime. The violence that was inflicted on me has affected my family and has changed my life forever. Fear has become a constant companion to me. Physical wounds may heal rather quickly, but emotional damage is something that stays with you until it is faced, confronted, and brought to a resolution. The thing that has taken me so long to come to terms with is not the robbery in itself, but rather the fact that the robbers had the money and were perfectly capable of leaving. Instead they made good on a promise they made when walking into the bank, the promise to do harm to my co-workers and myself. All media outlets reported that a bullet had grazed a teller, as if that is not bad enough, but the truth of the matter is that we were faced down on the floor. A lot of things go through your mind in a situation like that: will I see my husband again, will I see my children and grandchildren again, did I remember to tell them how much they meant to me the last time I saw them? After being told not to look at the robbers during this whole incident, you can imagine the horror I felt when they stepped over all of us and told us to look at them. I know then that I would not be going home that evening.

My purpose for speaking is to take back the power over my life, to confront this obstacle head-on and to overcome it once and for all. It is also my wish that the shooter be incarcerated so that he can no longer pose a threat to another wife, or mother, or anyone. Life must be lived by rules or it becomes chaotic. This man broke those rules and showed no remorse for doing so. He must face his crime, own the responsibility for it, and pay the consequences.

Sincerest Thanks,

[REDACTED]